Pork Pies:
Poetry for Lazy Eyes

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Pork Pies:
Poetry for Lazy Eyes

Abdul Batin Bey

Marley Mocha Ink
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Marley Mocha Ink
70B Shrewsbury Green Drive
Shrewsbury, Ma 01545

AbdulBatinBey@gmail.com

Dedication

I would like to thank my best friend and life partner Kristin who is always by my side no matter how the chips may fall.

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I would like to thank God Almighty for giving me the ability to write, gab, and see things as they really are.

Backward Glimpse

As I sit on my roof gazing up at the moon
Cold air tingling my fingers
I think of where I came and where I am going
Of the broking family that tried to pretend it was mended
The childhood I barely had
How now I’m just starting understand my own emotions
The puzzle pieces are starting to fit together
Soon I’ll be 31
A new life I’ll enter
Healed
Emotionally sound
What a beautiful night

Black Madonna

Mysterious
Primitive
Original woman
Mother of the Christ
Bride of the carpenter
Originator
Zoe in her glory
Perfection

Dance Walid

Dance Walid
Put some erratic jazz on the radio
Sit up in bed
Lean my head against the wall
Rest my eyes
The monkey crawls under my skin
The nod sets in
Images of Walid al-Taha appear before me
He teaches me his Sufi ways
Moving, huffing, round to New Mecca
With every step another lesson

He brings me to forgotten ruins
Places over looked knowledge in my being

We stand on the cusp of damnation and sainthood
We are Aquarian anarchists
Creation steppers
He gives me and calls me by my new name
Allah is ever surrounding us

Walid al-Taha evaporates into the mist of Avalon
Junk manna lay at my feet
Jazz ends
The monkey dies
I open my eyes to an infinite world of possibilities
New insights for a new age
Out

Day Past

The past is always with me
No matter how much I try to push it away
Dark days of stolen youth
Sun seems so far ahead
The past is always with me
A scar deep on my brain

Down Floor

Calico eyes
Shadows following glimmers
Naked black woman
Waiting for her white prince
Shout to the top
No one cares
Hopeful failure
Tries to better his lot
Zero speaks
Smooth cool disaster
No meter
A beat will always fill the empty spaces
Philosophy
Live life for the second

Keys in a Hole

Sunrise
Rays of light piercing through cotton candy clouds
I haven’t seen you in a while
Long have been the nights
How I thought of you often
Now you are here
A long lost lover to greet

Sunrise
You are here as a friend

King Phillips War (Bridgewater)

The cries of soldiers
The blood sticking to the bottom of my shoes
Songs of Indians echoing
Screams surrounding my quiet neighborhood
Blasts of shots
Drums cracking my eardrums

Every night I feel the presence of battle
Will it ever go away?
Do others feel what I feel?
I'll never know

Leaf

Bustling leaves of brown and gold
Clacker down the street
With a gentile wind they move
Where are you going?
I must know
All I can tell is that I’m like them
Clacking down the road of life
Heading in an unknown direction
At least for the moment

Love

Love sustains the universe
Love is open to all
Few choose it
The masses would rather chase material things
Wasting there days away until they rest forever

Those that walk in love
Never have regrets
They flourish in everyway
Live life fully
Heaven smiles

Love is all that matters
Love is open to all
Catch it
Never let it go
To love is to live forever

March on

Psychotic army of doom
Destruction
Off time march
Screams of innocence
Christ crucified over and over again
Lavender sky falls to the ocean

Veil uplifted
We can see into the heavenly places
Tealeaves
Crystal balls
Satan tries to lead us away
Not now
Not today
Too close
Wall of angelic noise
Old Phil is at it again

Am I possessed?
Connected to a hole in time
Rational death
Intuition be my smile

Wailing jazz with Michael
Smoke rings

Thirsty quenches

I am a slave to JAH
I am a slave to JAH

Give god what he needs never what he wants

Layers of heaven peel back like an onion
Secret after secret unfolds
Penetrating into heavenly wisdom
Serpent jealousy
Slithers to the dismal place
No one rejoices
We cry for the snake
Lonely without god

March on
To the realm of silence
March on
The realm of silence

Bliss

Nut Ella

Have I ever told you
That I love nutella
Its so choc lately and creamy
Nutella
Nutella
It’s a gift from heaven

Spread it on bread
Eat it right before bed
There’s nothing better
Than Nutella mixed with peanut butter

Nutella
Nutella
It’s a gift from the gods

Park

Standing on a bridge in west Bridgewater Park
Marijuana smoke circling my head
Gazing at the stream flowing beneath me
Hearing a dog bark in the distance
Teenagers giggling behind some old bushes

Memories flood my mind
People I knew
Close friends
What happened to them?
Where are they now?
Did life turn out as they thought?
Are they millionaires or are they gutter rats?
I'll never know

Standing on a bridge in West Bridgewater Park
Marijuana smoke circling my mind

Self Portrait at 30 soon to be 31

Long thick wavy hair
Medium brown with blond and reddish undertones
Thick sideburns
Square jaw that goes into a thin butt chin
Golden peach olive tone skin
Tiny freckle over the left eye
Tiny freckle off centered to the right between my eyebrows
Both eyebrows thick
Long slightly curved to the left nose
Two different shaped nostrils
A bump on the upper bridge
Walnut shaped eyes
Little wrinkles and slight crows feet
Grayish green eyes with a tint of yellow near the pupil
Eyes sunk deep
High cheekbones
Long oval face
Heart shaped lips
Hair parted to the right
Widows peak visible
Stubble facial hair
Long thick neck with slight perturbing Adams apple
Broad shoulders
Chest covered by old white t-shirt